

# Playa Man

## Spice 1

Can you love a playa man  
Can you love a playa man  
Can you love a playa man, baby  
Can you really love a playa man I twirl the wheel of my caddy with my middle finger  
Bellin' up out the hooptie, mobbin' with my pants sagin'  
I smokin' on some of that Crush nasty with a G limp  
It's the born to die the S P I Playa status since an OG since Lee High  
Sportin' a G hat with the short brim  
Mr. giggity-gangsta hustler baller  
Whatever you wanna calla Straight playa up in this game  
Puttin it down for all ya haters  
Killin' em softly raisin' em off me  
Keepin' it real so they can't fade me Up in the 9-sick  
I kick back and roll a Vega up  
Rollin with the Hennessey  
Champaign and Remmy up in my cup  
Livin' like a baller but I'm still a G  
Soakin up game in the East Bay street  
Stackin that fetti S P I C E Can you love a playa man  
Can you love a playa man  
Can you love a playa man, baby  
Can you really love a playa man The game is deeper than Atlantis  
So homie don't go in the water without your harpoon  
You swimmin' at your own risk  
Cuz in the bay ain't no parana But you can get your body ate up  
When you get to flossin up in that Lexus potna  
Look what the tied washed in  
That's what the people say Spiggity One straight OG up out the dirty bay  
Straight out the water  
Finna wet you up and leave your body  
Soaked with some of that red rum  
So come on, come one and come on dem all  
And watch them bodies fall S P I C E comin' with that hard to kill a blow  
Smile in your face all the while they wanna take your place  
I was strapped with a gun case  
But now I'm back out on the paper chase Spittin' em game  
And I'm usin' my mouth piece like Ron O'Neil  
The G from back in the day  
They always say I spit the real

Keepin' these haters out of my pockets  
And always watchin' my spine  
The role of a playa is force and still looks out for mine  
Can you love a playa man  
Can you love a playa man  
Can you love a playa man, baby  
Can you really love a playa man  
S P I C E be stackin fetti fetti  
See I be stackin' ballin'  
Since way way back in the day  
The bay area, my play area  
Ain't no crips or bloods  
But if you cross game then I'm gone carry ya  
Up out the gangsta party quicker than you can think  
Rolexes upon the wrist and diamonds on the pinky  
playa Poppin' the cork on champaign  
Hundred dollars a bottle  
We roll in Benzes and coups as if we won Lotto  
Don't let me hear you talk bad about a playa name  
Cuz if you get your scratch on haters gone do the same  
Can you love a playa man  
Can you love a playa man, baby  
Can you really love a playa man

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